# The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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**The Bethel Courier.**

JAMES NUTTING, Proprietor.

N. T. TRUE, Editor.

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## Poetry.

Few persons are aware that Enoch Lincoln, the second Governor of Maine, published a long poem entitled "The Village." The scene was laid in Fryeburg, where he then resided. We have before us the volume published in 1816, from which we extract the following triplets. The hint of these triplets was taken from a Latin inscription copied by John Adams, President of the U. States, from over the door of the cell of a monk in Spain.

"Though Pleasure may your steps attend,
And love and wine their joys may blend,
And fortune add a faithful friend—
What then?

Thievish Time may cease his stealth,
Age may bloom in rosy health,
And Avarice wallow in his wealth—
What then?

While laurel wreaths his brows surround,
Ambition is with empire crown'd,
Time its space and earth its bound—
What then?

Should Death relenting cease to doom
Youth and beauty to the tomb,
In all the pride of early bloom—
What then?

All nothing: Power is but a name,
Pleasure is a taper's flame,
'Tis in Wealth, and breath is Fame—
What then?

O, then, in Truth's delightful bowers,
Decked with amaranthine flowers,
Strive, as joy wings all the hours,
To live.

O, then, in virtue seek the charm,
Life's goods to crown and ills disarm,
And teach, at last, without alarm,
To die.

## History of Bethel.

### By Dr. N. T. True.

### CHAPTER XLI.

HUNTING. Game appears to have been quite abundant in this vicinity. The numerous small streams running into the Androscoggin furnished fine situations for the beaver to construct his dam and pond. Remains of their dams may still be traced out and specimens of wood gnawed by them, are still dug out of the peat bogs. During one spring, James Swan, Benjamin Russell, John Perkins, and a man by the name of Wadleigh, killed sixty moose. They tried out the fat, and saved the best pieces for food, and left the rest to be devoured by wild beasts.

When the garrison was built after the inhabitants were carried off by the Indians, James and Benjamin Russell, brothers, belonging to the fort, were selected as a scouting party to watch the movements of the Indians in the vicinity, but they seemed to have but little fear of Indians before their eyes, and spent their time in hunting for beaver and sable. The commander hearing of this, threatened to bring them into the fort, but they compromised the matter with him by promising him one third of all the game. My narrator added that it was very doubtful whether the commander ever received his share, as he could remember going into a room which was literally lined with the most valuable furs stretched on hoops, as the rewards of the chase.

As the earliest settlers could not raise beef or pork, the products of the chase must have been most acceptable. The territory in the vicinity of Locke's Mills, Sandy and Bear Rivers, seem to have been favorite haunts for game. The last beaver caught in town was in 1825. He had made a dam on Alder River, a trap was set for him and he was caught by the fore leg. This he gnawed off and escaped. He was again caught by the other fore leg which he also gnawed off. The third time he was secured by the hind leg and caught. Moose, deer, loup cerviers and others, are occasionally taken.

The bear was one of the greatest depredators in the cornfields. One was caught by Eleazer Twitchell by setting a trap composed of a pan of new rum, molasses, and milk, of which they are excessively fond. Bruin was as fairly caught as his more civilized neighbors sometimes are. On waking up he found himself completely secured by a chain, and against which he manifested a great deal of spite. Bears still find their way occasionally from the mountains. One was shot within a mile of this village in 1858.

In 1791, the wild pigeons pitched upon the territory, we believe, in the vicinity of Isaac Cross's farm as a brooding place. In accordance with their peculiar habits they assembled by thousands. They hatch two to a nest and just before they are able to fly they are fatter than ever afterwards. By felling the trees the inhabitants carried off immense numbers of the *squabs* as they were called. The more particular account of them, I accidentally find in the N. York Journal and Patriotic Register for July 20th, 1791, which I transcribe:

"The following discovery has lately been made at Sudbury, a new settlement on Amaroscoggin river:

'A Mr. B. Russell, was hunting in the woods in the beginning of last May, and found a large extent of ground where the trees were universally covered with pidgeon nests, containing the young. On his return home, his account was not credited by his neighbors. About a fortnight after, several of them accompanied him, and found his account did not equal what they there beheld! On a large extent of land of several miles, through which they passed (how much further they knew not) the trees were entirely covered with pidgeon nests. The young were mostly in their nests, but ready to fly. There was but one in a nest, still they took four dozen from a tree. They took from 50 to 100 dozen in a day.

The scene was admirable to behold! The young were hovering on their nests, and calling for food, while the old ones darkened the air with a continual motion, to and from the nests, busily employed in feeding their young.'"

## Divorced by Mistake.

One winter there came to Trenton, New Jersey, two men, named Smith and Jones, who had both of them designs on the legislature. Jones had a wife and was in love with a pretty woman—he wished to be divorced from his bad wife, so that he might marry the pretto woman, who, by the way, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a form! Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce.

Smith had a good wife, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike or plank road, to extend from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow.

Well, they, with these different errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments. First, suppers mainly composed of oysters with rich background of venison; second, liquors in great plenty, from "Jersey lightning," which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquor shape, to Newark champagne. To speak in plain prose, the divorce man gave a champaigne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast, under the mollifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills; and Jones and Smith—a copy of each bill in their pockets—went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches.

Smith arrived home in the evening, and as he sat down in his parlor, his pretty wife beside him—how pretty he did look!—and five of his children overhearing the other five studying their lessons in the corner of the room, Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good results of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike, my dear; I am one of the directors and will be president. It will set me up, love; we can send our children to the boarding-school, and live in style out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty little wife, who was one of the nicest of wives, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face, "let me see it," as she leaned over Mr. Smith's shoulder.

But all at once Smith's visage grew long; Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath. "Blast us, wife, those infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!"

It was too true; the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the names of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in frightfully legible letters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Here's a turnpike," she said sadly, "and with the whole of our ten children staring me in the face, I aint your wife! Here's a turnpike."

"Blast the pike and the legislature and—"

Well, the fact is that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, enacted into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's town had gone to bed, Smith bid his late wife to put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceed to the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness, bless me!" exclaimed the good man as he saw them enter, —Smith looking like the last of June shad, Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron—"Goodness bless me, what's the matter?"

"The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off" replied Smith.

"Marry you?" ejaculated the clergyman with expanded fingers and awful eyes; "are you drunk, or what is the matter with you?"

However, he finally married them over straightway and would not take a fee; the fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone that he might give vent to a suppressed laugh that was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their children. The little Smith never knew that their father and mother had ever been made strangers to each other by legislative enactment.

Meanwhile, and on the same night, Jones returned to his native town—Burlington, I believe—and sought at once the fine black eyes which he had hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat on the sofa, a white kerchief tied carelessly about her round white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves against each rosy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin; "the fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I'll be married to-night. I knew how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper—or was it breakfast? did the business for them. Put on your bonnet and let us go to the preacher's at once, dearest."

The widow, who was among widows as peaches among apples, put on her bonnet and took John's arm, and—

"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulled out the document before her; "here's the law that says Jacob Jones and Ann Caroline Jones are two"

Putting her plum gloved hand on his shoulder she did look at it.

"O dear!" she said, with her rosy lips, and sank back, half fainting on the sofa.

"O blazes!" cried Jones and sank beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand; "here's a lot of happiness and champagne gone to ruin."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced, and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply, by the legislature of New Jersey, incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorized to run from Burlington to Bristol! When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will observe the extreme hopelessness of Jone's case.

"It's all the fault of that turnpike man who gave them the champagne supper—or was it the breakfast?" cried Jones in agony. "If they'd chartered me to a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it; but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol bears an absurdity on the face of it."

So it did.

"And you aint digorced," said Eliza, a tear running down each cheek.

"No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, "and what is worse, the legislature is adjourned and gone home drunk, and won't be back to Trenton till next year!"

It was a hard case.

The mistake (?) had occurred on the first day of the session, when legislators and transcribing clerks were laboring under a champagne breakfast. Smith's name had been put where Jones's ought to have been, and "wisey wersey," as the Latin poet has it.

## THE GREAT BALLOON

### Voyage.

Mr. John La Mountain has published in the Troy *Times* a detailed statement of the perils; privations and hair breadth escapes of himself and Mr. Haddock, in their recent trip in the balloon Atlantic. His account does not vary materially from that of Mr. Haddock, the principal portion of which we published yesterday. Mr. La Mountain's narrative is quite interesting, but only those portions are of importance which refer to the ascension and management of the balloon. We copy a few extracts:

We ascended about three thousand feet, so great was our ascentive momentum, without varying ten feet from a perpendicular line—the broad square, with its thousands who were gazing Heavenward to watch our course, remaining still beneath our feet. After attaining this altitude, the balloon struck the northeastern current, and was drifted along with it at about the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and still ascending very rapidly. This current was one of great depth, as, although we went up to the hight of three and a half miles, we did not lose it. After reaching an altitude of three miles and a half, we took a still more easterly course. As some journals have argued, judging from the point at which we landed that the Easterly current is not always reliable, I pause here to remark, that I never found it more so than that on Thursday afternoon. I thought then and still continue to think, that had I maintained an altitude of two and a half miles, I could have crossed the ocean in thirty-six hours, and without using any more ballast than in making an ordinary local ascension. It must be remembered that it was when we left this ever-reliable stratum, and descending into the local currents, that we were carried in a northerly course.

We remained at an altitude of three miles and a half about half an hour. The sight from this point was very beautiful indeed. The clouds were formed below us in dense masses, and with their rifts, elevations and indentations, rolling over and piling upon each other, seemed like vast mountains entirely covered with snow and ice, and streaching as far as the eye could reach. The illusion was perfect. There one giant would raise his head far up towards us; beside, a little hillock lay nestled, as if it had sought the monster's side for protection. Occasionally one ran up to a needle point and seemed incrusted from base to summit with sparkling ice, reminding one of the beautiful poem on Himalaya:

> "Oh, thou, whose everlasting head
> Is raised among the spheres.
> Encircled with its diamond crown,
> Through the eternal years."

At this hight we were going due east. At two minutes past six the thermometer indicated 31°, having fallen 18° after our departure from the earth.

At 6 1 4 we were still about three miles and a half above the earth, which the clouds entirely shut out from view, and still going almost due east. We continued in this course for a few minutes, remaining almost in equilibrium, when the sun left us, and as the gas became somewhat more dense, we commenced to descend. After getting as far as the top of the clouds, I supposed that we had left the easterly current, and were traveling due north at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. I did not think we had journeyed more than twenty-five miles northeast of Watertown, and if the current was going in the in the direction I supposed, by keeping it a little while we would have crossed the St. Lawrence, landing near the line of the Grand Trunk Railroad, on the direct route for Kingston, where my next ascension was to have taken place. Mr. Haddock was very anxious to keep up longer, but I had already staid above longer than I anticipated, and the number of my engagements ahead impressed me with the importance of making a safe landing before dark.

Those who have read my accounts of previous voyages will understand the fact, but as others do not, it is well to remark here, that when above there is no sense of motion or of direction. The clouds in which we were sailing were very dense, and extended for over a mile, within a short distance of the earth. We were drifting with these, as we afterwards learned, at the rate of over one hundred miles an hour. To be sure, the compass marked the different points, but there were no objects, above, around, or below, by which we could judge our own direction, and therefore avail ourselves of it. This will explain why I journeyed so long, and so unsuspiciously, instead of descending, as I might have done, immediately after leaving the easterly current.

We remained upon the surface of the clouds—floating on them as a ship does on water. I opened the valve. The sun had but just left us above, and it was hardly early twilight above there. But as we went down, it became densely, impenetrably dark, a darkness that one might almost feel, and cut with a knife. The illusion that the clouds were a dense body upon which we had been sailing, was therefore borne out by the resemblance in our then present condition to a foundered ship, cleaving the waters on the way to the bottom of the ocean. To be sure, there was no difficulty in breathing, and the atmosphere was quite warm—the only sensation of oppression being that caused by the awful darkness. As we were passing through the clouds, we heard a roaring as of a great cataract. I supposed at the time it was some one of the St. Lawrence rapids. My impression now is that it was one of the Falls of the Ottawa, a short distance above Bytown. We were fifteen minutes in passing through the cloud strata.

After we got clear of the clouds, we found to our astonishment, that we were not more than five hundred feet above the earth, and it was exceedingly dark. This last fact was all the more singular, because when we left the upper regions, it was light enough to read fine print. On nearing the ground we saw a glimmering light, apparently from a house, at some distance, but for reasons I have before given—we could not tell in which direction. But directly under us as far as the eye could reach, was one unbroken, unpeopled wild. We were able to tell that cause we settled down until so near the tops of the trees, that when I threw out a small quantity of sand we could hear it rattling among the leaves and dry branches. It was at this time—about 7 1-2 o'clock—a perfect calm. Hardly a breath of air was stirring, and the balloon did not sway in any direction. I could have made a landing at this time with perfect ease; but there are always many objections to coming down amid timber, and I had no disposition to run the risk of damaging my splendid balloon. The result proved that I did not calculate rightly; but human reasoning is very apt to be based upon false premises when moving in the dark."

Mr. La Mountain says they made six different attempts to land, at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, and on the last they succeeded in anchoring to a tree, where they stayed through the night. The sufferings and trials of the lost adventurers have been so well described by Mr. Haddock that it is unnecessary to copy further from the accounts before us.

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There is said to be a reasonable prospect that the Winans steamer will come to Portland during a visit of the Great Eastern. She is 235 feet long, pointed at both ends and goes *through* the waves.

## Agricultural.

### John Jr.

I called last night to see a girl
 I used to love four years ago,
And she loved me: at least we thought
 And often told each other so,
And meaning gossips all abroad
 Predicted that I was Maggie's beau.

She [illegible] her babe, two years old—
 A thumping boy—who stared at me
She rose and, curtseying, gave her hand
 With all a matron's dignity.
While little Johnny called me "Dad."
 And came and climbed up on my knee.

The same, yet changed; the velvet bloom
 Of girlhood from her cheek is gone,
And etchings from the hand of Time
 Her marble brow appear upon;
Her graceful form is growing stout;
 But youngest still, that baby John!

Ah, well! they are expensive things!
 These babies—so say all papas;
I'll buy that basket of champagne
 And that half thousand of cigars,
And ask the boys all down to-night,
 For I am single, thank my stars!

## Fall Plowing.

The advantage of Fall Plowing may be enumerated as follows:

1. In autumn, the team having become inured to work through the summer is more vigorous and better prepared for labor than in the spring, and other farm work is less pressing in its demands upon the time and attention than in that bustling period. Let all the plowing be done which is possible in the fall, and still the spring work would give abundant employment to the farmer and his teams, in drawing manure, cross plowing, cultivating, harrowing, &c.

2. In the fall, low, moist lands are generally in better condition for plowing, cultivating, harrowing, &c.

2. In the fall, low, moist lands are generally in better condition for plowing than in spring time. We say generally, for this season, low, moist lands are decidedly moist, at present. Still, we cannot hope for any better state very early next year, and if plowed as they should be, wet lands will suffer very little from water through the winter.

3. Stiff, heavy soils, plowed in autumn, undergo, by the action of water and frost, a more thorough disintegration—clays are pulverized and crumbled, and heavy loams and hard pan lands are acted upon in a like manner and with like benefit.

4. Heavy, coarse sward, full of rank weeds and grasses, can be better subdued by plowing in the fall—their roots are more apt to die out, and far less liable to sprout again than when plowed in the spring. The turf is better prepared, by its more advanced state of decay, for the use of the crops which may be sown or planted upon it.

5. Fall plowing disturbs the "winter arrangements" of numerous worms and insects, and must destroy large numbers of these pests, and also their eggs and larvae.

This is a minor advantage, but one worthy of consideration, especially on lands infested with wire-worms.

The principal objections to fall plowing are these:

1. The loss of that fresh, friable condition readily permeable to air and moisture, and the consolidation of the soil, by long exposure to changing and stormy weather. This, on soils of a light character, is a very serious objection to plowing in autumn.

2. The loss of vegetable matter and the grasses of the same while in a state of decay, is another disadvantage. The latter is but a small loss, if the work is done late in the fall, but often, on hill sides, a large part of the soluble and floating matter is washed away by the heavy rains of winter and early spring time.

IMPORTANT METALLURGICAL DISCOVERY. Tungsten is a metal which has been hitherto little studied in a practical point of view. It appears however, destined to create a complete revolution in the manufacture of steel. It has been lately discovered that an alloy formed of 80 per cent of steel and 20 a per cent., of tungsten possesses a degree of hardness which has never been obtained in the manufacture of steel. This alloy works upon the latter with incredible facility, and can cut it.

## Specimens of Connecticut and Massachusetts Tin Peddlers.

One day, said the Bay State pedler, as I was driving along, a fellow with a load of tin came out of a by road and followed right along in my track. Master, said I, which way are you going?

Going ahead—don't you see? said he.

Yes, said I; I reckon we had better take different roads, else only one of us will sell any tin—what say you?

Yes, we will. You may go ahead and sell all you can, and then I'll sell as much again as you.

Why, will you sell so much cheaper?

No, I'll get more for every article!

Well, I don't see how you can do it.

Try it, and I'll show you. I'll stop here while you drive to that house yonder and sell all you can. Start on your team a little, and then come back for your whip or something you have dropped, and you can see how I sell.

Well, said I. So I drove up to the house and went in, and spoke to the old gentleman who was reading newspaper.

How do you do? says I; but he did not mind anything about me. Want to buy any tin pans, pails, or cups, or anything?

No.

I'll sell cheap and take most anything in pay.

Don't want none.

But just look at my lot; it is the completest you ever saw.

But I don't want to.

Well, I really wish I could sell you something. You really think you can't buy?

No, don't want anything.

So I went out and started my horse.

Whoa, says I; now I'll see what the Connecticut fellow can do. So I walks back to the house. I didn't leave my whip here, did I?

Hain't seen it, said the old man, keeping on reading advertisements. Then the Connecticut fellow came came in.

How far is it to a tavern?

Half a mile, said the old man.

I am as dry as a codfish. I'll take some of your water, walking up to a table and taking up a pewter. Oh, said he, it is cider, making believe he was going to set it down.

Drink it, said the old man—and he did.

That's royal good cider—you make it for your own use—can't buy such as that—if I had such a barrel as that in Boston I'd get five dollars out of it. How did you make it?

Made it out of apples.

Did you? Well, they must have been extraordinary good ones, every one of them fit to make pies. Got a large orchard, hain't you, 'squire?

No.

First rate what there is of it, then—got a snug house here, too—havn't seen many houses I like as well as this, and I've seen a good many in my day. Real snug house (looking as if hunting for a stray fly;) how many rooms up stairs?

Four, and all finished off, said the old woman, who was coming. On that he turned right around and made all his talk to her.

Four, and all finished off and furnished? You are thriving like all nature! Got smart girls enough to fill them?

No, only one.

Well, one good one is enough—better than three or four ordinary ones—how old is she?

Eighteen.

Eighteen? She'll be married before long, I reckon. Not many girls like yours live old maids.

I don't think she'll be an old maid

She looks like you, don't she now? I've heard of her—she's as handsome as a picture; what a handsome setting out you'll give!

Yes, I've got five pair of linen sheets and four coverlits that I made for her this summer. I mean, if she ever does get married, that she shall have as good setting out as anybody.

So I would, and you are able to do it. Now I think I've got a few first rate things that I mean to carry home to somebody, you can guess who, (winking to me) I have been offered more than they are worth, but would not sell them—but I have a mind to let you have them for that girl of yours. I don't know though that I can let them go. Betsey will expect them. But come, you may look at them.

So the old woman put on her specs and went out with him to his wagon. He dug to the bottom and hauled out some pans, just like those on top.

Here they are—keep them stowed away out of sight—the genuine Lafayette tin come from France. The more you use them the brighter they grow; they never need scouring.

What is the price of those common ones? inquired she, pointing to some just like those he had in his hand.

Five shillings, and these are ten—the Lafayette tin cost nine and sixpence; but for that pretty girl's sake, that looks so much like you, they are I'll let you have a few for seven shillings.

So he went on talking till he sold her more than five dollars worth of ware, not near as good as mine, at a great deal higher price. When he started on, says he—

How much did you sell?

None.

No, I didn't, says I, and then in a low voice, and I don't want to, if they all lie as you do!

## Wouldn't Get Mad.

Old Harry Hoomer, or "Hot Corn Harry," as he was more familiarly known about the east side of the town, was for many years a shining light in one of our African Churches, and was, by all odds, the most powerful exhorter of the Congregation. Old Harry was undoubtedly a good Christian, and proved it by living up to the precepts he taught. His extreme good nature was proverbial, and many a bet was lost and won by the young men of Grand street and the Bowery, in vain attempts to make Harry lose his temper. "Go away, boys, go away!" was his answer, when they played their wild pranks upon him. "De good book says, 'when any one smites you on one cheek, you must turn him de oder.'"

The nearest approach Harry was ever known to make towards losing his temper, was about ten years ago. He had a plan whereby he preserved his corn perfectly fresh and green till December, or January; and at that season of the year he would go out and make the streets resound with his cry of—"Hot corn! hot corn! pipin hot—just come out de bilin pot!" and realize a handsome profit from its sale.

During the year in question Harry was unfortunate, as his corn decayed; and out of a large quantity he had put away, he only saved enough to get out with one or two nights.

In the early part of December, Harry's voice was heard in the Bowery singing his well known song; and in one of the bar-rooms a bet was made that Harry could be thrown off his guard. In a few moments Harry entered the bar-room and set his basket on the floor; but before he could get ready for business he was being pulled around in all sorts of ways. One pulled him by the whiskers and another by the coat-tail; and altogether he was made anything but comfortable. But all that could be got from Harry was "Go way boys, go way!"

All attempts to provoke him further failed; and as a last resort one of the young men took up his pail of corn, and said—

"Harry, I've a good notion to throw all your corn into the street!"

"Hush! Hush!" said Harry, "don't talk dat way, for you make me feel bad; for if you trow my corn in de street now, you must ruin de old darkey. Ain't had no wood to saw hardly dis fall, and no white washing. My wife's been sick dis two months, and my corn's all rotted; and I ain't got nuffin' to 'pend on but de Lord!"

"Well, Harry, said he who held the basket, "you have got a good backer, so here goes the corn!" and suiting the action to the word he threw the basket into the sewer.

Harry looked very sadly after his property; and as he picked up his empty basket he said.

"De Lord's will be done!" and then started on a brisk trot from the scene of his temptation, as if resolved not to give way to the wrath he felt rising within him.

In Elizabeth street a new building was in course of erection, and into the cellar of this building Harry descended, while the young men who had followed him crept stealthily after, to see what he would do.

Away back in a far corner Harry went, out of hearing from the street, and there, upon his knees, he gave vent to his feelings in this wise: "O Lord! I'se most tempted to get mad but, I won't do it for de sake of a pail of corn. Dem was de wickedest boys I ever got amongst; but you made 'em, and I won't complain. It's a hard case, and you knows it so well as I do, for you know I ain't had no work mos' dis fall, and Hannah's sick; and I only saved a little corn, and dem wicked boys hab trowed it most all away. But I won't get mad at 'em, for you hab say dat justice am yourn. But gib 'em justice, and make 'em quit ob der wicked ways. Take 'em, O, Lord, and hold 'em ober de bottomless pit, and, if you're a mind to, singe 'em a little; but, O good Lord, be very careful, and don't let 'em fall in; and when it feels so warm dey 'gin to 'pent, den let 'em go agin, and day'll be better men!"

His prayer ended, Harry came forth, looking as good natured as ever; and the young men who were waiting for him, took him back to the bar room, where the proceeds of the bet, five dollars, were handed over to him, which amply paid him for the loss of [illegible] — New York [illegible]

BOYS HELP YOUR MOTHERS. We have seen from four to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat-house to cut a frozen steak for dinner. This is not as it should be. There is much work about a house hard for women. Heavy lifting, hard extra steps should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she be a feeble woman. Dull prosy housework is irksome enough, at the best. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think.

*Morning Star.*

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HAS just arrived from Boston with a Large and New Stock of
WATCHES, CLOCKS
And Jewelry,
OF ALL KINDS.
Also a good assortment of
SILVER and PLATED
Spoons, Forks & Butter Knives,
With a general assortment of
Gold, Silver, Steel and Plated
SPECTACLES,
To suit all ages, together with a good assortment of [illegible]
FANCY GOODS,
SUCH AS
WALLETS,
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HAIR BRUSHES,
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RAZORS, GOLD
and Steel PENS,
PERFUMERY,
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WILLOW BASKETS,
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and a great many other goods not specified here.
A good assortment of
BRASS CLOCKS!
Always on hand.

J. S. A. is fully prepared to put in perfect order all kinds of Watches and Clocks, and warrant them,—also all kinds of Jewelry
REPAIRED!

☞ New glass set in old Spectacle bows.

All goods sold or work done by him will be
WARRANTED AS HE REPRESENTS.
*Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange.*

☞ Work done at Short Notice ☜ 26
Bethel, Me., June 19, 1859. 26

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HAVE on hand a large assortment of Carriages, such as
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THE subscriber being desirous of making new arrangements, offers for sale in part or the whole of the following property.
Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Clapboard Mill, and Starch Mills.
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For further particulars enquire of
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S. M. MARBLE, W. E. STEVENS,
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SHERIFF'S SALE.
OXFORD ss: August [illegible], A. D. 1859.

TAKEN on Execution, and unless previously redeemed, will be sold, to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on [illegible]DAY, the [illegible] day of [illegible], A. D. 1859, at one o'clock in the afternoon at the office of [illegible] Frye, Esq. in Bethel, in said County, all the Right in Equity which [illegible] of Greenwood, in said County, had on the 20th day of October, A. D. 1858, at 6 o'clock P. M., (being the time when the same was attached on the original Writ,) to redeem the following described mortgaged Real Estate, situated in said town of Greenwood, to wit: being lots numbered nine and ten in the fifth range of lots in said Greenwood, and in that part of said Town, formerly called Twitchell's Grant, containing two hundred acres, more or less, and being the same Real Estate conveyed by the said Nelson P. Cummings, to Simeon Cummings, by his Mortgage Deed [illegible] 17th, 1853, to secure the payment of one hundred and one dollars and forty cents. Said deed is recorded with the Oxford Records, Book 99, page 246 to which deed reference may be had for a more full description.

CYRUS WORMELL, *Deputy Sheriff.*

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SHERIFF'S SALE.
OXFORD, ss: Sept. 6, A. D. 1859.

TAKEN on Execution, and unless previously redeemed, will be sold to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 15th day of October, A. D. 1859, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at the store of George H. Brown, in Mason, in said County of Oxford, all the rights of Equity which Kelsey O. Bean in said County of Oxford had on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1859, at nine of the o'clock in the forenoon being the time when the same was attached on the original writ, to redeem the following described Real Estate situated in the said Town of Mason to wit: Lot numbered three in the first range of lots in said town of Mason. Also all the Real Estate conveyed by the said Kelsey O. Bean to Moses Mason, by his Deed of Mortgage dated November seventh, 1857, to secure the payment of the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars and interest. Said Deed is recorded with the Oxford Records in book 113, page 224, to which Deed reference may be had for a more full description thereof.

CYRUS WORMELL, *Deputy Sheriff.*

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SHERIFF'S SALE.
OXFORD, ss: Sept. 6th, A. D. 1859.

TAKEN on Execution, and unless previously redeemed, will be sold, to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Friday the 14th day of October, A. D. 1859, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the office of Richard A. Frye, Esq., in Bethel, in said County, all the right in Equity which William Parker of said Bethel had at the time the same was attached on the original writ to redeem the following described real estate situated in said Town of Bethel, to wit:—A part of Lot numbered thirty-two in the sixth range of Lots containing fifteen acres more or less. Also a part of Lot numbered thirty-three in the fifth range containing five acres including all the real Estate conveyed by the said William Parker to Richard A. Frye by his Deed of Mortgage dated June 21st, 1858, to secure the payment of two hundred and fifty dollars. Said Deed is recorded with the Oxford Records, book 99, page 245, to which Deed reference may be had for a more full description.

CYRUS WORMELL, *Deputy Sheriff.*

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JAMES NUTTING,
Agent for the following Popular,
Patent Medicines, &c.

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| Bryan's Pulm. Wafers | Clark's " " |
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